

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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East Gate, Regent's Park.



"To every thing there is a season." Building, parking, and disparking are the order of the present day. "All the talents" write on landscape-gardening; and men who have given up the search of the philosopher's stone, and left "all meaner things" to large numbers, or stocked the present and next generation with novels and romances, are at length convinced of our earthy origin, and accordingly betake themselves to theories of transplantation and papers on agriculture and gardening. Trees and men are found to be improved by being transplanted. "Formerly," says one of the theorists, in unrooting a great tree "you kept pulley-hawling by a hundred ropes and cranes, &c.—now you handle him as gently as a flower-stalk." It is just so with men. A voyage to Calais was formerly as great an affair as a trip across the Atlantic is now; and the preparation occupied the time of the present passage. Now, a single stroke of

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the pen destines you for any city in the known world; and the *fat* of one man will transport you to the unknown.

We have already introduced our readers to some of the artificial splendour of the Regent's Park, whose inhabitants, it would appear, are "wiser than some fools, that even change their abode towards the winter." Our last entrance was by York Gate, from the New Road; but our present pictorial subject is the EAST GATE, or entrance from "the hamlet" of Camden Town. Its façade is simple and elegant, and the lodges such as we hope to see at every entrance to our metropolitan parks. In the distance is one of the terraces, with its splendid porticoes and colonnades; and the general effect of the fore and back ground is that of a balmy spring morning, such as we wish all our readers may enjoy till we again offer ourselves as their *cicerone* through this picturesque domain.

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SPRING.

BY WILLIAM SHOBREL,
(*For the Mirror.*)

SEASON of joy! whose balmy breath can save
The hapless sufferer sinking to the grave,
Impart a sparkling lustre to the eye,
And give the pallid cheek a roseate dye,
Thrice welcome! for thy influence can impart
A joyous sunbeam to the aching heart,
Remove a wrinkle from the brow of age,
The mind irradiate, care and grief assuage!

Unhappy mortal! man of many woes!
Regard the source whence ev'ry blessing flows;
If thou hast known Misfortune's rugged train,
Bow but to HIM, who nothing does in vain,
With calm submission—lift thy voice in prayer!
Heard are thy sighs—he bids thee *not* despair!
What tho' a transient gloom the show'r attends,
Yet learn not to distrust his secret ends,
His wisdom infinite. 'Tis past! 'tis o'er!
And Nature smiles still lovelier than before.

See in the East the minister of light,
With earlier haste dispel the shades of night!
Bright streaks of gold proclaim his presence
nigh—

He comes—one blaze of glory fires the sky!
Wake, bird and beast, and hymn the king of day!
All living things the summons straight obey.
Innum'rous songsters greet his brilliant rays,
Of various note, with song of echoing praise;
The lark, high soaring, carols in the air,
For love and freedom are his only care;
The linnæet sweetly trills on spangled thorn,
The blackbird's lays rapturous hail the morn;
But, hark! what mystic sounds salute the ear?
It is the cuckoo's cheerful voice we hear!
From clime to clime the little stranger flies,
In quest of vernal woods and milder skies;
Sweet bird! each budding grove, and bush, and
tree,

With wildest music rings to welcome thee!

Season of promise! herald of delight!
When all conspires to gratify the sight,
Is there a heart feels not thy magic sway
As swiftly pass the laughing hours of May?
The crystal waters more pellucid gleam,
Their flimsy tenants leap without the stream,
Each other chase as swift along they glide,
Or bask upon the warm and sunny tide;
Disporting o'er the meads, the playful lambs
Cambol in innocence around their dams,
On either hand creation's works present
But one continued scene of merriment.
A robe of richest verdure decks the ground,
And wild flowers spring in newer life around;
Besprent with dew, more lovely each appears,
Like Beauty's self dissolv'd in pearly tears.
With sweet perfume, the violet scents the gale,
And modest rears its head the primrose pale;
Luxuriant gardens, too, their sweets diffuse—
A thousand gaudy flowers of different hues:
In fullest blossom, orchards far and wide
Their snowy honours wave in conscious pride,
Around their aromatic odours fling,
While busy insects now are on the wing
To cull their fragrance. Diligent they roam,
And bear the honey'd store in triumph home,
The village milkmaid hums her matin song,
As light of heart she trips the green along

The ploughboy, too, as he pursues his way,
Whistles aloud, and ev'ry face looks gay.

Season of Love! when Nature's richly drest
In brightest smiles to captivate the breast,
Albeit mem'ry prompts the bitter sigh,
When it recurs to happier days gone by,
Yet will thy glad return my bosom fill
With new delights—with joy's extatic thrill;
The verdant plain—the songsters' tuneful lay,
At earliest dawn, or close of setting day—
The limpid streams—the fruit-trees op'ning
bloom—
The garden's sweets—the wild flower's rich per-
fume—
To me fresh source of admiration bring
The never-failing beauties of the Spring.

ANACREONTIQUE.

(*For the Mirror.*)

GIVE me woman, give me wine,
Each a treasure, both divine,
And let the bowl be crown'd
With lovely roses, virgin flowers,
Cull'd from summer's blooming bowers,
To breathe perfume around.

And when the air is scented, bring
The God of Love, without his wing,
His brow with myrtle bound;
To charm the Mistress of my soul,
Let Wit fly o'er the sparkling bowl—
Within it—Grief lie drown'd.

C. COLB.

EXTRAORDINARY BIRTH ON
GOOD FRIDAY.

(*For the Mirror.*)

THE following is a substantial translation of the original Latin, which I find in an old Latin book, entitled, "*Variorum in Europa itinerum Delicia,*" which contains copies of various manuscripts, inscriptions, epitaphs, &c.

Margaret Herman, Countess of Henneburg, (in Holland) fourth daughter of Floris, Count of Holland and Zealand, &c. &c. (whose uncle was the Duke of Brabant,) was about 42 years of age, and on the Good Friday, about nine of the clock in the morning, in the year one thousand two hundred and seventy-six, was delivered of *three hundred and sixty-five children*, all of whom were baptized on the day of their birth, the boys were called John, and the girls Elizabeth (all of whom bore a strong resemblance to their mother) and the mother and children died on the very same day they were born, and were buried in the Holy Church of Loosduyn. The occasion of this very miraculous birth was an old beggar woman who happened to solicit alms of the countess as she was passing. This woman had two children in her arms, which she said were twins, and declared that she was left entirely

destitute of home with them. "You wicked impostor," said the enraged countess, "begone, it is impossible." The countess was about to have her punished, and as the beggar (being disturbed in her mind) turned away, she wished that the countess might have at one birth (and who was then *enceinte*) as many children as there are days in the year.

To prove this, there are the old memoirs and manuscripts at Utrecht. May God for ever be praised and glorified, Amen.

I am not certain whether at Utrecht or Loosduyn that the effigies of the children are preserved. The Latin is an exact translation of the Dutch manuscript.

W. H. H.

THE MAN OF PROMISE.

(For the Mirror.)

He only in whose ample breast

Nature hath true inherent genius pour'd,

The praise of wisdom may contest ;

Not they who, with loquacious learning stor'd,
Like crows and chattering jays, with clamorous
cries,

Pursue the bird of Jove, that sails along the
skies.

WEST'S *Placid*.

THE great difference which prevails among mankind in intellectual abilities and attainments, is attributed by philosophers to various causes. Of the diversity of mental capacity, one reason indeed, is obvious : that Providence, in its wisdom, has allotted to different creatures, different powers, not only in their specific, but in their individual natures. The individual distinction, however, does not obtain to the extent which is generally believed ; and many, who are sensible of their deficiency in this respect, have frequently more cause to ascribe it to themselves than to their Maker ; because, though undoubtedly some have greater advantages than others for the improvement of the intellectual faculties, few endeavour so far as they are able, and with the opportunities which they possess, to strengthen or refine the understanding.

Many who, for the support of life, always adhere to the same track, compelled by necessity, or led by accident, are often obliged to want the invaluable benefits of a liberal education and polished society, and many, who, by their external circumstances, or the smiles of fortune, might be enabled to enjoy those blessings, are equally precluded from them by casualties of a peculiar nature ; by the objections of a particular sect in religion to which they may be united, by avaricious motives, or the ignorant apprehension that those who should gain the knowledge

of life, may recede from the paths of virtue ; that those who partake of the elegancies and gaieties of refinement are rendered unfit for the accumulation of wealth, for the cares of domestic life, or the sober sphere of active usefulness.

But those who are debarred, except to a very limited degree, from the advantages of good society, are generally for the same reasons, deprived of the endowments of literature. Real genius, however, accompanied by good sense, will break through the trammels of circumstance, undismayed by privations, unchecked by obstacles ; and will proceed so far without foreign assistance, to clear away the mists of ignorance and prejudice with which it is encompassed, as to open to itself a prospect in which the intellectual vision can repose with security, satisfaction, and delight ; in which it can discern the travellers up the ascent of knowledge, though favoured by more propitious fortune, and consequently passing above it, some incited by hope, and others supported by application, yet few more ardent in the pursuit, and none making more rapid advances. In this laudable progress, when mindful of its particular condition, it never rejects with contempt the counsels of a friend, or vainly assumes to itself that which it has no right to adopt, and no ability to support. Its deportment is characterized by affability without loquacity, modesty without servility, a disposition to listen to the decision of more experienced judges ; a willingness to arrive at truth, but without the compromise of principle, or the degradation of subserviency. Its knowledge of things appears to be gained by intuition, its ideas of right and wrong almost without reflection ; and those whom chance has brought within its influence, derive from it such assistance and gratification, as induce attention and homage, and excite that applause and veneration which the more sensible part of the community are always found ready to confer on merit, however dignified, or however depressed.

The man of sense and genius by his superior powers in the comprehension of what to others may appear difficult or abstruse, is less liable to the admiration of what is great and splendid ; to that inquisitiveness in the investigation of truth, or to that loquacity in the display of his knowledge ; for which persons of more ordinary capacities, though great pretenders to science, are remarkable. He is, indeed, frequently distinguished by a natural taciturnity ; since what to him can be the use of an exuberance of words about things, whose nature is to his un-

derstanding so easy of perception? He measures the perspicuity of others by his own; and therefore hesitates, through motives of delicacy, to relieve their hebetude, or through ignorance of their insufficiency, fancies they are equally sagacious with himself.

As genius is sometimes united with pride, so is it often conjoined with vanity, the characters of both of which are extremely distinct; for according to an observation of Swift, a man may be too proud to be vain. The proud man of genius acts with regard to others in nearly the same manner as the character just described, but with this difference; that what the latter does from motives of ignorance or delicacy, the former does chiefly by design. The vain man of genius may sometimes gain applause from the ignorant and illiterate, but frequently meets with ridicule and contempt from the wise; for the generality of mankind are more willing to listen to the dictates of good sense unaccompanied by genius, than to the precepts of genius without good sense. He will, therefore, after several ineffectual attempts to extort regard from the most reputable quarter, rather than forego the darling object of his pursuit, shrink back into more congenial society, where he can be made president of their assemblies, looked up to as a prodigy of excellence, chosen umpire of disputes, or guide in their counsels; where he can pass his jokes and his witticisms without fear of restraint or interruption except from the bursts of applause which they elicit. He, like Cæsar, would rather be first in the second, than second in the first, class of the community. His incessant study is rather the exaltation of himself than the benefit of others. He regards with invidious jealousy the pretensions of any one of his associates, who prompted by his success in the acquisition of honour and homage, or by the hope of transcendancy, may set himself up as a competitor.

To be considered a man of genius is of such great importance and gratification to some, that the reality has naturally given rise to imitators, and has called forth pretenders in the art of pleasing, but little qualified, from want of the requisite talents in method or in substance: such persons try every plan that can be imagined to attract the attention of their company, excite merriment, or provoke laughter; but their ignorance of things, and their awkward address generally conspire to obscure that sunshine of approbation which they had contemplated would burst forth after the sudden and copious emission of all the pretty things

which they had treasured up to amuse. This disposition, however, is not always the most conspicuous trait in their character. To be held an adept in literature, in poetry, history, classical learning, in short, in the whole compass of science, is a consideration with them tantamount to that of the possession of genius. To effect their purpose, where deficiency is felt, recourse is had to stratagem.

THRASO possesses some parts, but very little learning. When young he was sent to a public school in the north, where he was instructed in little else than the common rudiments of a plain English education. By the general consent of his teachers, however, he was regarded as a prodigy of skill, because he could parse with ease and correctness a supposed difficult sentence in an English author, and could solve a question in Double Position by the rule of Algebra. Flattered and caressed by his schoolfellows, young Thraso soon began to assume the airs of conceit, and the arrogance of imagined superiority; believing no head so wise, and no talents so powerful as his own. With such endowments and such vanities he continued to attract regard until the time arrived that he was to leave school; when it was not to be wondered if his masters, equally foolish, should have recommended him to a situation in which he might indulge, as they termed it, the bent of his genius and his taste for literature.

When eighteen years old, he was admitted into an office where he was surprised to find others of superior capacity and attainments. Some were ready at quotations, though they seldom indulged in them, from Greek, Roman, and other classical writers. Others were adepts in music and painting, and could almost rival a Braham in the "mellow energies of song." Thraso, as he was equally a stranger to all these acquirements, as well as ignorant of their different degrees of excellence, conceived that he wanted no requisite for equal clearness, and equal fame, but a little initiatory instruction, and courage for the exhibition of his powers, whenever an opportunity should offer itself. He therefore commenced to learn with assiduity so much of the Greek and Latin authors as would qualify him, by the quantity and variety of his quotations, for the display of his proficiency in classical learning. Of music and singing, and other light accomplishments, he expected to be quite master in a short time, by devoting for a month one hour in the day to the former, and half that time to the latter. His music-master had often told him that he had no ear for

music, and no voice for singing, nevertheless, he was determined to surmount, if possible, every impediment, when he reflected on the pleasure he should experience from the applause of his auditors, as soon as he commenced operations before them.

No sooner had he conceived himself sufficiently accomplished, than he set out on his expedition of vanity, with all the flush of expectation, dignity of self-importance, and pretended sagacity of an *amateur*. In order that in whatever company he happened to fall, his quotations might be apt, and his allusions witty, he resolved whenever the conversation did not suit his designs, to turn it, if possible, to a point that would suit his purpose. When there happened to be a warm discussion, and the opinions of the disputants to be very discordant, Thraso would relieve the obstinacy of opposition, by observing, with a very consequential air, "but you know, gentlemen, *quot homines, tot sententia*," looking meanwhile at every countenance for that flattering approbation to which such a display of learning undoubtedly entitled him.

If the subject of physiognomy be introduced, and whether the visage be a true index of the mind, Thraso in endeavouring to hit the right nail upon the head, remarks that it is not as one of the Latin poets, he thinks *Sallust*, decides the question by saying, *Fronti nulla fides*. The smiles of ridicule consequent to such blunders, his vanity will sometimes lead him to mistake for praise, of which every repetition tends to embolden future attempts to *shine*; so that we have him continually interrupting argumentative discussion, or convivial jollity, by ostentatious interlocutions, or an express desire to sing a song. He has been known to repeat the same anecdote fifteen different times in nearly the same words. If one well qualified for narrative, begins a tale for general entertainment with which Thraso should happen to have been already acquainted, he will wrest it from the mouth of the speaker, and give it himself; which he generally does with such hurry and force of gesture, and confusion of statements, by anticipating the event, that at the close the effect is deadened, the hearers remain unmoved, except with disgust, and he finds himself left alone to enjoy it. He sometimes engrosses the whole attention of a company by puerile loquacity, sallies of false wit, inapt allusions, and trite anecdotes; and seems resolved to unburden before them his whole cargo of knowledge, whether they are disposed to suffer it or not.

usque adeone,
Scire tuum nihil est nisi te scire hoc sciat alter?
PENSUS.

As if 'tis nothing worth that lies conceal'd
And science is not science till reveal'd.

DAYDEN.

It would conduce materially to the benefit and comforts of society, if real merit were more generally and more carefully distinguished from counterfeit; and if solid acquisitions and substantive virtues were not allowed to be so frequently eclipsed by the false glare of superficial pretension. And this end would be greatly promoted by giving to the rising generation, a better grounded, and more solid, but less extended education; an education that would, at least, deter the inexperienced from falling into the follies so much to be deprecated, of vanity, pride, and conceit; and occasion the justness of the lines in Pope to be less frequently verified:

"A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;
Their shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
But drinking largely sobers us again." &c.

It was observed by Goldsmith in his day, and is equally true in the present, that there is a prevalent "passion to make children learn all things; the languages, the sciences, music, the exercises, and painting. Thus the child soon becomes a *talker* in all, but *master* in none. He thus acquires a superficial fondness for everything, and only shows his ignorance when he attempts to exhibit his skill."

C.

EPIGRAM.

(For the Mirror.)

THE following epigram is by Craconius, writer of the history of the Popes, and was designed for Clement IV. The curiosity of it is, that reversing the order of the words, we reverse the compliment.

W. P.

Laus tua, non tua fraus; virtus, non copia rerum
Scandere te fecit hoc decus eximium.
Pauperibus tua das, nunquam stat janua clausa;
Fundere res queris, nec tua multiplicas.

INVERTED.

Multiplicas tua, nec queris res fundere; clausa
Janua stat, nunquam das tua pauperibus;
Eximium decus hoc fecit te scandere rerum
Copia, non virtus; fraus tua non tua laus.

LORD BYRON used to say, speaking of the Italians, that he had lived in their houses, and in the heart of their families, and in neither case did he feel himself authorized in making a book of them.

Retrospective Cleanings.

CITIZENS ENNOBLED.

(For the Mirror)

"Honour and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honour lies."

PENNANT in his "Account of London," gives us the following list of "*Citizens ennobled*":—

John Coventry, son of William Coventry, of the city of that name, was an opulent mercer of the city of London, and mayor in 1425; a most spirited magistrate, who dared to interfere in the dreadful quarrel between Humphry, Duke of Gloucester and the insolent Cardinal Beaufort, which he successfully quelled. From him is descended the present Earl of Coventry.

Sir Stephen Brown, son of John Brown, of Newcastle, mayor in 1438, and again in 1448, was a grocer, and gave to us another peer, in the person of Sir Anthony Brown, created Viscount Montague, by Philip and Mary, in 1554.

The Legges rose to be Earls of Dartmouth. The first who was nobilitated was that loyal and gallant sea officer George Legge, created Baron of Dartmouth in 1682. He was descended from an ancestor of one of the abovementioned names, who filled the praetorian chair of London in the years 1347 and 1354, having by his industry in the trade of a skinner, attained to great wealth.

Sir Geoffry Bullen, mayor in 1458, was grandfather to Thomas Earl of Wiltshire, father of Anna Bullen, and grandfather to Queen Elizabeth; the highest genealogical honour the city ever possessed.

Sir Baptist Hicks was a great mercer at the accession of James I. and made a vast fortune by supplying the court with silks. He was first knighted and afterwards created Viscount Cambrden. It is said he left his two daughters a hundred thousand pounds a-piece! He built a large house in St. John's-street, for the Justices of Middlesex to hold their Sessions, which (till its demolition) retained the name of Hicks's Hall.

The Capels, Earls of Essex, are descended from Sir William Capel, draper, mayor in 1503. He first set up a cage in every ward for the punishment of idle people.

Michael Dormer, mercer, mayor in 1542, produced the future Lord Dorimers.

Edward Osborne, by his fortunate leap, gave origin to the Dukes of Leeds. He was apprentice to Sir William Hewet, cloth-worker. About the year 1536, when his master lived in one of the tre-

mendous houses on London Bridge, a servant maid was playing with his only daughter in her arms, in a window over the water, and accidentally dropped the child. Young Osborne, who was witness to the misfortune, instantly sprang into the river, and, beyond all expectation, brought her safe to the terrified family. Several persons of rank paid their addresses to her when she was marriageable, among others the Earl of Shrewsbury, but Sir William gratefully decided in favour of Osborne. "Osborne, (says he,) saved her, and Osborne shall enjoy her." In her right he possessed a great fortune. He became sheriff of London in 1575, and lord mayor in 1582.

From Sir William Craven, merchant-tailor, mayor in 1611, sprung the gallant Earl Craven, who was his eldest son, and was greatly distinguished by his actions in the service of the unfortunate Elector Palatine, by his attachment to the dowager, and his marriage with that illustrious princess.

Lord Viscount Dudley and Ward, is descended from William Ward, a wealthy goldsmith in London, and jeweller to Henrietta Maria, queen to Charles I. His son, Humble Ward, married Frances, grand-daughter of Edward Sutton, Lord Dudley, on the death of her grand-father, baroness of Dudley, and he himself created in 1643, Lord Ward, of Birmingham.

P. T. W.

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

A JEWISH FUNERAL.

A MESSENGER was first sent to the synagogue of which the departed was a member, and where are deposited the bier and copper vessels invariably used in cleansing and preparing the body for interment. As dissolution had taken place at six in the evening, four the next afternoon was the time appointed for the burial. In the mean time the corpse was removed from the bed, and placed on the floor of the same chamber, with its feet towards the door—a black cloth thrown over it—lighted candles placed at the head—and the two men left in charge of it until the time of preparing it for the grave. During this interval the relatives ate no meat, nor tasted wine or spirits; all the water in the cisterns or other vessels was thrown away; and in the movements of the household the stillness of death seemed to prevail unbroken.

Next day, about noon, the bier and copper vessels already alluded to arrived, and soon after a coach drew up to the

door filled with respectable Jews, who came to perform the last kind offices, which they immediately proceeded to do. Laying the body on the bier, which was placed in a sloping position on a long table, they carefully washed it with warm water, handed to them in the copper pots, and finished their ablution by pouring water on the head three times, which, from the inclined position of the corpse, flowed all over it; they next dried the body with peculiar care, and combed the beard and hair with a silver comb appropriated to that use. The burial dress of the deceased was then delivered to them; it consisted of fine linen, curiously worked at the collar and hands, and a robe, girdle, and turban, which had been constantly worn on the day of atonement and festival of the new year by the departed in the synagogue worship. When clothed in these long-prepared habiliments, the garment of fringes was placed in its due form about him, and its ends twisted into certain mystic forms, a winding-sheet of fine linen enclosed the whole, and the corpse was lifted into the plain, deal shell prepared for its reception; beneath the head and arms were placed small pillows stuffed with saw-dust, and the lid of the shell immediately fastened; after which it was removed to a lower apartment, and the near relatives led in to perform the ceremony of rending their garments over the deceased. An aged Jew, whose province it was, then advanced, and in audible accents renounced, in the name of his relatives, friends, and, lastly, of all Israel, any further connexion with the departed, either here or hereafter. The body was then lifted into the hearse, and followed by various friends, and by the religious societies he had formerly belonged to; and lowered into a grave, which his nearest relatives first assisted to fill, and which was then closed to open no more, as more than one corpse is never laid in the same grave. When the procession returned, a meal of eggs boiled hard, and salt, was laid before the mourners, who kindled a light of pure olive oil, which was kept burning during the seven days of close mourning, and which was lighted up on the anniversary day of death, as long as the departed had a near relative living. These seven days are observed by the family sitting on the ground, with rent garments and dishevelled hair, while their friends come to condole with them on their loss; ten Jews regularly attend morning and evening to recite prayers. The bereaved relatives wear their beards unshaved thirty complete days; and the sons of a departed Jew attend morning worship eleven months, with scrupulous

exactness, to recite certain prayers deemed requisite to facilitate the entrance of the soul into final happiness.—*Sophia de Lissau, or a Portraiture of the Jews of the Nineteenth Century.*

JEWISH MARRIAGE.

THE marriage ceremony is always celebrated with splendour and show by the Jews, nor are the poorest among them exempt from this custom. As every guest brings a present, chiefly consisting of plate, according to ability, the lower orders, especially, are anxious to invite as many as possible on that account; for which purpose they generally hire a public room, to accommodate such a large assemblage; and not unfrequently, when the wedded pair are very poor, these gifts are disposed of immediately, to defray the expense of the feast, and assist the young couple in housekeeping. A friend, on whom dependence can be placed, is stationed near the entrance of the apartment, to receive the presents of the guests, as they arrive; another writes down each person's name and their gift, which is instantly deposited in a chest; and after all invited have arrived, it is locked and put in a place of safety. If any person invited is prevented attending, this circumstance does not prevent their gifts from being regularly sent in their names; but those who are merely invited to tea and dance, are not expected to bring any present. It may here be observed, that the Jews consider it a highly meritorious act to promote marriage, or in any way assist in its celebration; but those who are in their year of mourning for a near relative may not attend a wedding feast, nor be seen where music or cards form any part of the entertainment. Wednesday is the day on which the Jews celebrate their marriages, and a second ball on Thursday evening concludes the feast; but if either of the party have been previously married, Sunday is the day chosen, and music and dancing form no part of the entertainment. The choice of Wednesday for the above purpose still continues among the Jews; but like many other of their observances, the original cause for selecting that day has long ceased to exist, and had its origin simply because, as the Sanhedrin held its sitting on Thursday, the newly married man could immediately bring his wife before them, if he had any ground of complaint.

The nuptial canopy is composed, in general, of crimson velvet; it is square, and supported at each corner by four of the persons present; a piece of carpet is spread beneath it, and the bridegroom and

bride, the rabbi, and all concerned in the ceremony, stand under it, while the contract is read, &c. It is deposited at the synagogue, and is brought to the house, where the wedding is celebrated, by the servants of the synagogue, and carried back as soon as the ceremony is over.—*Ibid.*

MORAVIAN FUNERAL CEREMONIES.

OF this sect there is an establishment near Bremhill, Wilts, and the following is extracted from Mr. Bowles's recently-published history of that parish:—"The garden-green before the chapel is surrounded by those invited—the neighbours of their own fraternity, old and young, and the young ladies of the school, all similarly dressed in white, with a simple black riband. As soon as the coffin is brought from the house, the officiating minister reads the opening verses of our funeral service; after which he gives out the first stanza of a hymn,

"Our aged friend is gone to rest."

This is sung in unison by the young women, and the effect is very impressive. The coffin is then borne into the chapel; the clergy of the established church invited go the next in order, then the Moravian ministers, and afterwards the congregation. A sermon is preached, and, in the same order as before, the coffin is borne to the burial-ground. The whole of this area is surrounded on one side by the women of the establishment and the young females; on the other by the minister, friends, and fraternity. The whole join in an affecting hymn, after which the coffin is deposited in the earth, and a few prayers are read. At the afternoon service in the chapel there are prayers and an appropriate anthem. The minister then gives a narrative of the life of the departed brother, and the whole is concluded by the congregation, rich and poor, taking bread together, and, what is difficult to mention with appropriate seriousness, drinking *tea*! The place devoted to receive the last remains of those who die among the congregation is a square enclosure, to which a walk leads from the sister's house and the minister's: it is surrounded by a few firs and shrubs. The sisters are buried by themselves, and another portion of the consecrated ground is allotted to the brethren. A small, square stone is laid on the ground, the top somewhat elevated; no inscription appears except H. H. S. S. for single sister; or M. H. M. S. married sister "departed;" or, on the brother's side, W. G. M. B. or S. B.—married or single brother "de-

parted." No distinction is made between rich or poor, minister or brother.

Memorable Days.

ALL OR AULD FOOLS' DAY.

THE first day of April, among the French, is occupied in making pretended keepsakes, or presents, and in performing sundry pleasant tricks: each person tries to deceive the others, whether by sending packets filled with straw, &c., or in pre-vailling on persons to go to houses where they are not wanted, &c. &c. Among the ancient people, and indeed with all, till the seventeenth century, the year commenced at the Spring Equinox; and it was the practice to make presents at the commencement of the year, consequently this custom was formerly practised on the first of April; but when this month became the fourth in the Calendar, the *etrennes*, or gifts, were carried back to the first of January; accordingly, in April, nothing but *pretended* presents and mock congratulations were made to deceive those who still believed that the first of April was the first day of the new year; hence, probably, the origin of those sleeveless errands and worthless presents which are the usual attendants of the first of April. The persons whose credulity is thus imposed on are called *Poissons d'Avril*, or April fish.

EASTER.

THIS is one of the most interesting festivals in the Calendar, but with its customs, &c. the majority of our readers are doubtless familiar. The best account will be found in Butler's "Lives of the Saints," abridged, and in the large work, in a note, vol. 5, p. 368, is an account of some of its antiquities. In Brande's "Popular Antiquities," the customs, games, and ceremonies of Easter, such as foot-ball, stool-ball, nine-pins, kegel, and others, will be found at length.

With the observance of *Easter* in France it is presumed the reader is not so well acquainted; accordingly the following narrative may not be unacceptable.

In the week preceding Easter, in France, baskets full of eggs boiled hard, of a red or violet colour, are seen in the streets, and the children amuse themselves in playing with, and afterwards eating them. In Egypt, at this period, the *cattle* and *trees* were coloured red, because, say they, at this time the world was once on fire. The egg placed on the paschal table of the Jews was a symbol of the duration of the human race, and of their successive

generation; the egg entered into all the mysterious ceremonies called apocalyptic; and the Persians, who present eggs at the commencement of the new year, know that the egg is the symbol of the world; and whether the Christians, whose year commenced at Easter till 1563, have borrowed the custom of presenting eggs to children from the Persians, or from the paschal ceremonies of the Jews, there is little doubt that the red colour given to them is derived from the Jews and the Egyptians. Throughout the country of Bonneval, on the day preceding Easter Sunday, and during the first days of that week, the clerks of the different parishes, the beadles, and certain artisans, as those who were constantly employed in constructing the implements of agriculture, or in making or mending harness for the horses, went about from house to house, to ask for their "Easter Eggs." In many places, the children make a sort of feast at breakfast time on Easter Day, with red or yellow eggs. The following custom on Easter Day is general throughout France:—The different mechanics, such as the smith, the wheelwright, the shepherd, the ferryman, the miller, &c. go to their customers and ask for eggs, which are never refused; the children of the village also proceed on the same errand, and have red eggs given to them. This kind of begging is called *les roulettes*, or going the rounds.

Votive Ceremony at Poitiers on Easter Monday.

A few years since, it was proposed by some pious people to re-establish a custom suspended by the Revolution, and which first took place in the year 1202, on the occasion of the "miracle of the keys." At first every year, and afterwards every two years, it was the custom on Easter Monday for the lady of the mayor, accompanied by all the wives of the members of the corporation, (long since composed of a hundred individuals, that is, a mayor, twenty-four aldermen, and seventy-five citizens,) to go, in the name of the civic body, after vespers, and to offer, with flowers, a rich new mantle to the statue of the Virgin, which they put on the image, in the presence of the Curé of Notre-Dame and all his clergy, who received the cortège at the door of the church. During the procession a remarkable etiquette was preserved—that of the women giving the right side to the men. In the evening there was a grand ball and supper at the mayor's house.

Fête of the Eggs at La Motte du Pougard.

This is an ancient Druidical Barrow,

situated at a short distance from Dieppe, in the midst of a plain covered with corn; the fête was held annually on Easter Monday, and was only abolished at the time of the Revolution. A crowd of persons of both sexes came from the neighbouring villages, and met together round the Barrow, forming what is called, in this country, an *assembly*. A hundred eggs were put into a basket, and placed at the foot of the eminence; one of the troop, now united in a circle, took an egg, which he successively carried to the top of the mound, till they were all placed there; he then brought them back, one by one, till they were all replaced in the basket. In the mean time, another man belonging to the same assembly *raw the eggs*, (as it is called,) that is, went as fast as legs would carry him to Bacqueville, a large village, about a mile and a quarter from the spot; and if he returned before the hundredth egg was replaced in the basket, he gained the prize of the course, consisting of a hoghead of cider, which he afterwards distributed among his friends. The whole assembly now gave themselves up to rejoicing and amusement, and danced in a ring, round the pile, representing a chain without end. The egg figured, in this rural fête, in memory of the serpent-egg consecrated by the Druids; it was also an emblem of the year, as is attested by the accounts of many religious ceremonies in different nations.—*Time's Telescope*.

A fair correspondent (*Charlotte*) has furnished us with the following original account of

EASTER AT TOULOUSE.

FROM the morning of Good Friday silence reigns over the town; not a bell is heard, and the superstitious people imagine the bells are all gone to St. Peter's; their customary amusements about the streets are suspended; and though they do not at any time live very luxuriously, at this season they fast with great rigour. We visited the chapel belonging to the little convent of Les Frères; at one end was a kind of stage, the distance representing Mount Calvary, with the cross; in the foreground was an altar, on which was the figure of a lamb asleep; two automaton figures, habited as Roman soldiers, were placed on either side, also asleep; and a beautiful fountain of real water played in front. At the moment they suppose our Saviour to have risen, the cannons fire, and all the bells begin to ring at once, (returned from St. Peter's of course by the same means they went,) which has undoubtedly a very imposing effect. Upon revisiting the chapel, we

found the lamb gone, the soldiers had started upon their feet, in a posture of great surprise and alarm; and between the altar and the mount was the figure of our Saviour ascending. A custom at this time prevails, which has no doubt the same origin as the Paschal eggs. The moment the bells begin to ring, every one hastens to their friend or neighbour nearest at hand, exclaiming a patois rhyme, signifying, "Hallelujah! the omlet for tomorrow;" and the person thus addressed must accordingly furnish an omlet for the women's breakfast next morning. This occasions a great deal of amusement, as frequently two persons will be endeavouring to win of the other at the same time, when the only chance is, which can speak the fastest. High mass is of course celebrated in the churches; after which the priest walks in procession under a handsome canopy, and blesses all the people who choose to come to him. The rest of the day is spent in different kinds of amusement and feasting.

Our next illustration is in a more lively vein, being an exquisite morsel of Castilian poetry, by Melendez, who has been termed the La Fontaine of Spain, and of whose merits his biographer thus enthusiastically speaks: "His numbers floating on the Spanish breeze, you would think them, for sweetness, the enchanting accents of a Sybarite, resounded by the echoes of Eden." The following specimen is full of *gaieté de cœur*, and equally enlivening to old and young:—

TO DON GASPAR MELCHIOR JOVELLANOS

For the Easter Holidays.

A TRUCE now, dear Jové, to care for a season!
Come—Easter is nigh—to the lute let us sing,
Whilst the March wind pines sadly, gay strains
such as Teos

Heard warbled 'midst grapes to her bard's attic
string

Or beside the mild fire bid with exquisite converse
The fugitive hours pass in brilliant relief:

They go—but from night's shady keeping return
not,

Why then by lost dreams should we make them
more brief?

As to gold the white down on the summer-peach
changes,

So the bloom that my cheek early feathered is
fled.

And the years that have passed, bringing wisdom
but slowly,
With thousand gray ringlets have mantled my
head.

I have seen the vale smile beneath April's sweet
blossoms,

Beneath burning June have I seen them decay,
And the pomp and profusion of viny October,
Before dull December waste coldly away.

Yes! the days and wing'd months escape from
us like shadows,

And years follow months, as the sea-billows
pass,—

Mind it not—we've a charm against Time's re-
volutions,

In the bright golden liquor that laughs in the
glass.

Pour it out: crowned with myrtle and rose, we
will frighten

Chagrin far away with our long merry shout,
And in pledges quaffed off to wit, wine and dear
woman.

Disregard the rude elements warring without.

For what are they to us, if our bosoms beat
lightly,

And beauty and song set our prisoned souls
free,

Whilst the bliss which a king would exchange
for a sceptre,

Love, the holy echantress, consigns me in
thee?

I remember one eve when the sun, half in shadow
Sank slow to his own western island afar,

Whilst the peasants and peasant-girls danced
near my trellis,

And I in the porch touched my festal guitar;
How I sang the rich treasure which Heav'n in
its bounty

Had lent to console me in pleasure and pain,
And in prayers for thy welfare implored all its
angels—

Thy welfare, so dear to our own native Spain;
Smit with passionate thirst, in my right hand
the beaker

I filled till the bright bubbles danced o'er the
top.

And to thee and to thine in a frenzy of feeling,
Drained it manfully off to the last purple drop:

And whilst maiden and youth stood in loud ad-
miration

Applauding the feat, how I filled it again,
And with yet deeper rapture a second time
emptied.

Its bowl of the glory that brightened my brain;
Singing still, singing still: my zeal for thy glory,

As now to my lute in its ardent excess,
Thy virtues, thy fame in the land's future story.

And the bliss, more than all, that in thee we
possess!

The Foreign Review.

Notes of a Reader.

NELSON's remains in St. Paul's Cathedral, occupy a very beautiful marble sarcophagus, which was executed in Rome, by Wolsey's order, but did not arrive in time to be used for the burial of the cardinal, and had lain neglected during all the intervening period.—*Quarterly Rev.*

ON EPITAPHS.

By Lord Byron.

THE epitaphs at Ferrara pleased me more than the splendid monuments of Bologna; for instance *Martini Lerigi implora pace*; *Lucretia Picini implora eterna quiete*. Can anything be more full of pathos? These few words say all that can be said or thought. The dead had had enough of life; all they wanted was rest, and this they *implore*. Here is all the helplessness, and humble hope, and death-like prayer that can arise from the grave. *Implora pace!* I hope whoever may survive me will see these two words, and no more, put over me.

It appears that, in nine instances out of ten, the character of the seasons is, throughout the greater part of Europe, very nearly uniform.—*Q. Rev.*

INDIVIDUAL vice does not more surely produce individual misery, than national corruption brings on, in certain consequence, the decay and downfall of states.—*Southey.*

LORD BYRON was of opinion, that with regard to poetry in general, himself and all others, Scott, Southey, Wordsworth, Moore, Campbell, were all in the wrong, one as much as another; that they were all upon a wrong, revolutionary, poetical system, from which none but Rogers and Crabbe are free. He was the more confirmed in this, by having gone over some of our classics, particularly Pope, whom he tried in this way:—he took Moore's poems and his own, and some others, and went over them side by side with Pope's, and he was really astonished and mortified at the ineffable distance, in point of sense, learning, effect, and even imagination, passion, and invention, between the little Queen Anne's man, and those of the lower empire. "Depend upon it, it was all Horace then, and Claudian now, among us; and, if I had to begin again, I would mould myself accordingly."

BELTRAMI, a recent traveller, relates a story of a rattlesnake killed in North America, with 140 young ones in its belly, several of which contained other young ones! He also mentions a Mississippi steam-boat ascending a river 22,000 miles above its mouth, the vessel being of 2,000 tons burthen.

LOPE DE VEGA.

MONTALBAN, the biographer of Lope de Vega, relates, that to his knowledge 1,800 of Lope's comedies were actually represented, besides 400 sacred dramas, and that of those more than a hundred were written in a day. The Duke of Sesá, the testamentary executor of Lope, celebrated his obsequies with a magnificence unparalleled in the history of literature. The duke himself, with the grandees and other lords of Spain, marched at the head of the procession; and the ceremonies of the interment lasted nine days.—*For. Rev.*

In the schools in the counties of Donegal, Kerry, Kildare, and Galway, there were found by the commissioners of the Irish education inquiry—16 catechisms, 97 books on religion, and 364 novels and works of entertainment.

WITHIN the last few years the splendid council chamber adjoining Crosby Hall has been stripped of its ornaments, and the room itself turned into a workshop.—*Q. Rev.*

CHANTREY's statue of Washington, sent out in 1827, was the first *chef d'œuvre* of the arts ever seen within the precincts of the United States.

In the labourer, the parental affections exist, perhaps, in their greatest vigour; and the attachments of lower life, where, independent of attachment, there is so little to enjoy, far outstrip the divided, if not exhausted sensibility of the rich and great.

LORD COLLINGWOOD used to say, "what are called books for young people are nonsense."

WE have heard of thin and thick legs, the former of which, as Ben Jonson thinks, denote a gentleman; mill-posts, "long-shanks," and spindle-shanks; but a recent writer describes his understanding as *balustrade* legs.

PRICES OF LABOUR.

IN the reign of Edward III. the daily price for works of husbandry was as follows:—Five-pence for mowing, either by the acre or the day; one penny for hay-making; two-pence for reaping in the first week of August, three-pence in the after weeks. Threshing, two-pence farthing the quarter of wheat or rye; a penny farthing for the same quantity of beans, peas, barley, and oats. In all these cases this was the maximum, and less was to be taken in those places where less had been the usual rate; and neither meat, drink, nor other courtesy was to be demanded, given, or taken. Twice in the year servants to be sworn before lords, seneschals, bailiffs, and constables of every town to observe this ordinance, and not to leave their winter places of abode, for the purpose of seeking work in the summer, if employment were to be had at the fixed rates at home. There was, however, a saving for certain counties on this point. Stocks were to be set up in every township for the punishment of those who should refuse to take the oath, or who should break the ordinances. They were also to be punished by fine and ransom to the king; but the pecuniary penalty was, after a few years, abolished, imprisonment being substituted for it; and at the same time, the wages of master-carpenters and masons were raised from three-pence a day to four-pence, and of

inferior workmen in proportion. Men absconding from service were to be outlawed, and burnt in the forehead, when taken, with the letter F, in token of falsity, if the offended party chose to sue for such punishment: but this pain of burning was respited till the ensuing Michaelmas; and then was not to be executed except by advice of the justices. This clause, therefore, appears to have been deemed unduly severe, even by the very persons who enacted it, and to have been put forth merely in *terrorem*.—*Q. Rev.*

DRUNKENNESS.

YOUNG men are generally introduced to this vice by the company they keep; but do you carefully guard against ever submitting yourself to be the companion of low, vulgar, and dissipated men; and hold it as a maxim, that you had better be alone than in mean company. Let your companions be such as yourself, or superior; for the worth of a man will always be rated by that of his company. You do not find pigeons associate with hawks, or lambs with bears; and it is unnatural for a good man to be the companion of blackguards.—*Lord Collingwood—to a young man.*

THE main error of our English antiquarians has arisen from their narrowing their views to particular points of research, and by confounding the interest arising from singularity, with the interest of history.

It is difficult to comprehend the religion of an officer who can pray all one day and flog his men all the next.

THERE are few labourers of either sex who live to old age unmarried; scarcely any, it has been said, of tolerable character; and this remark may be confirmed by any person's observation.

NOTHING wears me more than to see a young lady at home, sitting with her arms across, or twirling her thumbs for want of something to do. Poor thing! I always pity her, for I am sure her head is empty, and that she has not the sense even to devise the means of pleasing herself.—*Collingwood's Correspondence.*

HE who expects to find the husbandman flourishing while the manufacturers are out of employ; or the tradesman, on the other hand, in prosperity, while the farmer is in distress, "let him," as Fuller says, "try whether one side of his face can smile while the other is pinched."

THE pen of Moliere, like the hand of Midas, turned all it touched to gold; or rather, his mode of treating the most ordinary subject gave it a value such as the sculptor or engraver can confer upon clay, rock, old copper, or even cherry-stones.—*Sir W. Scott.*

THE celebrated M. de Pradt is engaged in forming an experimental farm as a school of practical husbandry for a part of central France.—*Foreign Q. Rev.*

THE service of Lord Collingwood is without any parallel. He was in the navy nearly fifty years, about forty-four of which were passed in active employment, chiefly abroad; and in the eventful period, from 1793 till his death in 1810, he was only one year in England, the remainder of the time being principally employed in tedious blockades, rarely visiting a port; and on one occasion, he actually kept the sea for twenty-two months, without once dropping his anchor.

ON the death of Keats, the young poet, Shelley composed an elegy in the shape of a parody on the nursery song of Cock Robin, beginning thus:—

"Who killed Jack Keats?
I, says the Quarterly,
So savage and tartarly,
'Twas one of my seals;" &c. &c.

WHEN the settlers of Virginia were much in the same situation with those of New South Wales, one hundred and fifty young women were procured, it is not stated how, and shipped off to that settlement, where, as the annals of Virginia relate, they were sold to the settlers for wives, at one hundred and fifty pounds weight of tobacco each; and in the same year, 1620, a Dutch trader carried thither the first cargo of negro slaves, among whom was a good proportion of females.—*Q. Rev.*

THE weekly ration of convict servants in New South Wales consists of a sufficiency of flour to make four quatern loaves at least; of seven pounds of beef; two ounces of tea, one pound of sugar, and two ounces of tobacco, with the occasional substitution of two or three quarts of milk, daily, for the tea and sugar allowance. The farmers, besides, allow them little gardens for vegetables, and each has two suits of clothes annually, a bed-tick, and a blanket.—*Cunningham.*

CURE FOR MODERN CONCEIT.

IT is a mistake to suppose that the familiar intercourse of nations is a thing of

modern growth, and that turnpike-roads and mail-coaches, canals and steam-boats, are the only methods by which we can bring together distant lands, *dissociabiles terras*. Commerce undoubtedly does great things in this way now, but so did it heretofore by other ways; and it may even be doubted whether the custom of resorting in person to the great fairs holden in various parts of Europe, lasting for eighteen or twenty days, and whilst they lasted giving to an unclosed waste the appearance of a populous and well-ordered city; it may be doubted, we say, whether these points of annual concourse did not bring together a much greater number of foreigners, (limited as trade then was,) than can be seen upon all the exchanges of a country at this day, when the safe and rapid transmission of letters, and the universal institution of banks, have rendered any closer communication among merchants for the most part unnecessary.

—Q. Rev.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

[The last Number of *Blackwood's Magazine* is one of extraordinary interest. Our good old Christopher (to whom we shall never forget our obligations for some of the raciest articles of this division of our sheet) there seems to have resumed his wonted vigour, and, compared with his recent Numbers, to have awakened "like a giant refreshed with sleep." Accordingly we have endeavoured to appropriate "the spirit" of this Number, of which the following extracts are but a portion.]

The Blackwood writers possess the mastery of writing playfulness with power of language and loftiness of sentiment, which redeems even some of their common-places from the besetting sin of dullness. Their criticism, too, has much of the causticity peculiar to the North; and well it is for authors and public men that hard words break no bones. In this happy vein we may yet safely say they stand unrivalled. Other periodicals may display equal facility of writing; but their narratives tire and lull the reader with pretty turns and monosyllabic verbiage; whilst almost every article of *Maga* is full of vigorous touches of evergreen freshness. Indeed, what but such power could enduringly protract nine articles through 120 pages, as in the present Number; and those, too, crowded with incident and imagery, so as to quicken even the most listless of their drawing-room readers; and what but such piquant plesantry could support the *badinage* of their *Noctes*, which has been imitated (only) by every periodical of the present day. All these advantages of making much of a little, and frequently of nothing, they seem to possess nearly *per se*, whilst, to keep up their constant fires of wit and raillery, so far from appearing an unpleasant stretch, it is with them only a recreative exercise, of genius. In this department of writing none but the highest order can stand; and it is only by the aid of such thinkers as dive beneath the surface, that their supplies can, from time to time, be replenished.]

NATURE AND ART.

O YE! who have had the happiness to be born among the murmurs of heredi-

tary trees, can ye be blind to the system pursued by that planter—Nature? Nature plants often on a great scale, darkening, far as the telescope can command the umbrage, sides of mountains that are heard roaring still with hundreds of hidden cataracts. And Nature often plants on a small scale, dropping down the stately birk so beautiful, among the sprinkled hazels, by the side of the little waterfall of the wimpling burnie, that stands dishevelled there her tresses to the dew-wind, like a queen's daughter, who hath just issued from the pool of pearls, and shines aloft and aloof from her attendant maidens. But man is so proud of his own works, that he comes to regard those of Nature. Why keep poring on that book of plates, purchased at less than half price at a sale, when Nature flutters before your eyes her own folio, which all who run may read,—although to study it as it ought to be studied, you must certainly sit down on mossy stump, ledge of an old bridge, stone-wall, stream-bank, or broomy brae, and gaze and gaze, and gaze till woods and sky become like your very self, and your very self like them, at once incorporated together and spiritualised.

HABITS OF DRINKING.

WE never shall believe, that whole classes of men have, beyond their fellow Christians, an innate and constitutional fondness for liquor—still less, "that they will be drunkards in spite of all that can be done to prevent them." On the contrary, keep men "of a sanguineous temperament, coarse and unintellectual minds, and low animal propensities," at good, sound, healthy, wholesome, hard work, with moderate, not extravagant wages, and they will be, though not highly ornamental, yet very useful members of the state, and not grossly addicted either to women or whisky. There are many grades in society, to which such persons are admirably well suited; and if strictly and sternly overlooked, which they ought to be (for a certain surveillance should guard all the occupations of the lower orders), they make capital day-labourers, carpenters, masons, slaters, hodmen, and chimney-sweeps. Their rigidity of fibre, and flow of animal spirits, will, under such a system of things—and it is a natural system—keep them from the ale-house and the gin-shop. They can be happy on cheese and bread and small beer—great, big, broad-breasted, round-shouldered, muscular monsters, with red faces, and redder whiskers, whom you see plastering gable ends with trowels, carry.

ing lime up ladders, and riding on the rigging of houses ten stories high. Such fellows delight, we do not doubt it, in the roar and riot of drinking clubs; but they also delight in the genial feeling of natural hunger and thirst coming upon them at morning and mid-day, and evening meal—they will take a screed now and then, but are not—let us do them justice—soakers and sots, nor with them must “all the miseries of life be referred to the bottle.”

What more loathsome than to see a lout and loblolly of a schoolboy, probably booby of his class, standing behind his papa's chair, in eager expectation of the customary rummer of punch? The old fool asks him for a toast too; and with an apoplectical laugh shakes his sides at the long-conned and oft-repeated extemporaneous effusion of hereditary wit, that, in spite of some suspicious symptoms, assures him that the odious offspring is most legitimate. The younger brats, meanwhile, keep sucking away at the stoppers of the decanters—till, thank God, in come two flaunting wet and dry nurses, and carry off the whole bawl.

Of drinking-clubs and mason-lodges, we really cannot help thinking that Mr. Macnish, the author of the “Anatomy of Drunkenness,” speaks with somewhat too much seriousness and asperity. What sort of clubs would he have? Would he have people to gather together round one large, long, or round table, or several smaller ones, lean upon their elbows, stare into each other's face, and discuss the Mechanical Forces, the Tides, the Prism, and the Pleasures of Knowledge? And all this, without either pipe or tumbler? There must either be drinking-clubs, or no clubs at all. Now it is too much in a free country to put down all clubs; and therefore we hope that drinking-clubs, that is to say, clubs where the members are allowed, if they choose, to wet their whistle in moderation, may continue to flourish. People are the better of meeting together now and then, after their work. And where then, pray, the harm of a tradesman, or mechanic, or labourer of any sort, spending a sixpence occasionally, or even a shilling in a pot of porter or a glass of Glenlivet?—There need not be always an excess of a good thing. Prudence is very much a national characteristic of our population; and nothing is more common than to see a worthy artificer come out of the mouth of a close, of an evening, with a fine healthy colour on his cheek, staring sober, and returning after a chary but a cheerful glass, to his wife and family, like a good husband and father as he is, a steady smith, a

blameless baker, a carpenter without compare, or a tailor of ten thousand.

“Men who are good singers are very apt to become drunkards!” Stop, dear sir, we beseech you, and do deal less in such sweeping generalities. Good singers do occasionally go wrong in this way, but not nearly so often as bad ones. We cannot at this blessed moment charge our memory with one first-rate gentleman-singer who is not a perfect paragon of sobriety. We defy a drunkard to sing to any effect “A Bumper at Parting,” or “The Ewie wi' the Crooked Horn,” or any truly delightful Scottish, Irish, or Italian melody. To sing well, you must keep sober; every fine singer knows and feels that—indulge in drinking, and the voice is broken, the ear untuned, the soul of music sacrificed at its very source; and instead of the cry of encore, there is disappointed silence, the uplifting of hands and eyes, and many silent soliloquies over the obsequies of those sounds that once set the table in a hush, and dimmed the sparkling of fair eyes with the irresistible beauty of tears.

In smallish, dull, sleepy towns, containing from some five to some twelve thousand inhabitants, most of whom are well to do in the world,—warm and rich,—coarse in manners and habits, of uncultivated intellects, and no turn for knowledge or literature, except, perhaps, so far as to set up a Mechanics' Institution, drunkenness prevails even more than in larger cities. The entire town tipples. There are club-rooms in every lane—the flow of ale is perpetual—perpetual the puffing of pipes. The president is a man of few words—but he can call for a song—and many of the members can roar you like any nightingale. The system of soaking knows no change of the seasons. Men with red eyes, furry mouths, blotched faces, large bellies, and little legs, surround each stage and mail coach as it changes horses, nor separate without a cheerer. One after another—Tom, Jack, Dick, and Harry,—they drop away in what is called the prime of life, while still the apotheosis of each defunct drunkard is celebrated over a new tap. The Schoolmaster, the Curate—perhaps the Vicar, or even the Rector—the Private Saint, the Publican and Sinner, the Half-pay Officer, the Annuitant from a public office, Jock-the-Laird's natural Brother, the strange Gentleman boarding at the Bell, the Radical Editor, the Small Bookseller, the Ingenious Person who has taken out a patent for anti-attribution grease, the Rough-Rider, whose brother was hanged for horse-stealing, the Dog-Breaker and Poacher, the Bankrupt

Auctioneer who can bawl Tom Bowling, the cidevant Landlord of the Cat and Baggpipes, the Tax-gatherer, the Excise-man, the Sergeant-major of the Local, and an inferior sort of Person who has realized a handsome competence by a caravan of wild beasts and albinos, preserve a pleasing variety in the social circle. Death chucks an office-bearer under the double or triple chin, on an average once a month, and to see the members walking at a funeral, is too much for the gravity of any one not of the club. Oh, England! England! we love thee well—but is not that, in spite of the march of intellect, too true a picture of most of thy tenth-rate towns, according to the latest census—and are not their churchyards redolent of gin and ale, where

“ Even in their ashes live their wonted fires ! ”

BLUE STOCKINGS OVER THE BORDER.

Read, quickly read, for your honours, ye Oxford men !

Why don't you read Greek and Latin in order ?
Pass o'er the Aas's Bridge, sons of the Cambridge Fen !

All the Blue Stockings are crossing the Border !
Their banner is flying,
They're " Victory " crying,

They'll solve every Problem in Euclid before ye—
Come from the rowing match,
Glee club, and merry catch,

Read for a Class and the old College glory !
Ye Dons and Professors, arise from your slumbers,

Open your books—put your studies in order—
The danger is pressing, in spite of your numbers,
For the Blue Stockings are crossing the Border !

Descend from your Tilburies, Gents of the long robe,

Read Briefs—for their steps to the Woolsack they bent ;

The depths of your science, ye Doctors, they'll soon probe,

With old Esculapius the *Blues* would contend !
Their clack is resounding,
With hard words abounding ;

Steam-guns are their weapons, which cause great disorder.

By Gas they're enlighten'd—

By nothing they're frighten'd,

The dauntless Blue Stockings who pass'd o'er the Border !

Read for your honours, then, Oxford and Cambridge men !

Look, lawyers, look ! Are your Green Bags in order ?

Oh ! Sons of Galen, you will not escape the ken
Of the Blue Stockings who pass o'er the Border !

Look well to your counsels, ye sage Politicians,—
They'll change all your projects and plans for the State ;

Examine your arguments, Metaphysicians,—
In every department, the *Blues* are first-rate.

Famed Craniologists !

Learned Phrenologists !

You'll find, though each bump in their skulls is in order,

The organ of *Prying*,

All others defying,

Stands first in the *Blues* who are crossing the Border.

Strain every nerve, then, all ye who have place and sway,
From Wellington down to the City Recorder,
Ye'll be found bunglers, in office unfit to stay,
If the Blue Stockings come over the Border !

Stand to your posts, ye adepts in Astronomy,
A comet they'll see whilst your glass ye arrange,—

Find out some fault in Dame Nature's economy—
Spots in the moon, which betoken a change.

Quake, ye Geologists !

Tremble, Couchologists !

Put Retorts and Crucibles, Chemists, in order !
Beware, Antiquarians,

They're Disciplinarians.

These talented *Blues* who are passing the Border !
Put on your spectacles, star gazing gentlemen—

Steam-boat inventors, avoid all disorder—
If there's a blunder committed by Englishmen,

Each *Blue* will see it who passes the Border !

'Tis said they've discover'd perpetual motion,
Attach'd to their tongues, 'twill be henceforth their own ;

And, this job completed, some folks have a notion
They're all seeking now the Philosopher's stone.

An enemy slanders

Their ablest commanders,

Their heads vacuum engines he calls, ('tis a joke,) Says Watt's Steamer teaches

The plan of their speeches.

Beginning in noise, and concluding in smoke,
Believe not, my countrymen, this foolish story—

Come when they will, let them find you in order—

Delay not, I pray, till each *Blue*, crown'd with glory,

By paper kites drawn shall pass o'er the Border.

The Gatherer.

“ This fellow pecks up wit as pigeons pens ”
SHAKESPEARE.

OXFORD ALE.

ABOUT half a century ago, when it was more the fashion to drink ale at Oxford than it is at present, a humorous fellow, of punning memory, established an ale-house near the pound, and wrote over his door, “ Ale sold by the pound.” As his ale was as good as his jokes, the Oxonians resorted to his house in great numbers, and sometimes staid there beyond the college hours. This was made a matter of complaint to the Vice Chancellor, who was directed to take away his license, by one of the Proctors of the University. Boniface was summoned to attend, and when he came into the Vice Chancellor's presence, he began hawking and spitting about the room ; this the Chancellor observed, and asked what he meant by it ? “ Please your worship,” said he, “ I came here on purpose to clear myself.” The Vice Chancellor imagined that he actually weighed his ale, and sold it by the pound, “ is that true ? ” “ No, an't please your worship,” replied the wit, “ How do you then ? ” said the Chancellor. “ Very well I thank you, Sir,” replied he, “ How do you do ? ” the Chancellor laughed, and

said, "Get away for a rascal; I'll say no more to you." The fellow departed and crossing the quadrangle met the Proctor who laid the information, "Sir," said he, "the Chancellor wants to speak to you;" and returned with him, "Here, Sir," said he, when he came into the Chancellor's presence, "You sent me for a rascal and I've brought you the greatest that I know of." G. H. C.

QUART BOTTLES.

SOME economical quart bottles are blown at the rate of fifteen or sixteen to the dozen; and which said deceitful practice once roused Sir Boyle Roach, in the Irish House of Commons, to propose an act; "That every quart bottle should hold a quart."

TAXATION.

A HUMOROUS foreigner has remarked, that, in England, the people are taxed in the morning for the soap that washes their hands; at nine, for the tea, coffee, and sugar; at noon, for the starch, with which they powder their hair; at dinner for the salt that savours their meat; in the evening, for the porter that cheers their spirits; all day long, for the light that enters their windows; and at night, for the candles that light them to bed!

PASSION.

FLETCHER, of Saltoun, is well known to have possessed a most irritable temper. His footman desiring to be dismissed, "Why do you leave me?" said he, "Because, to speak the truth, I cannot bear your temper." "To be sure, I am passionate, but my passion is no sooner on than it is off." "Yes," replied the servant, "but then it is no sooner off than it is on."

PUNNING EPITAPH.

CECIL CLAY, the counsellor of Chesterfield, caused this whimsical allusion, or pun upon his name to be put upon his grave-stone, two cyphers of C. C. and underneath, *Sum quod fui*, "I am what I was."

VALUE OF A TAIL.

A MONKEY-FACED fellow offered himself to Garrick as an actor. "It will not do," says Garrick, "at present, but if you had a tail, no money should part us."

MOST BEAUTIFUL OF ALL COLOURS.

PYTHEUS, the daughter of Aristotle, being asked which was the most beautiful colour, answered, that of modesty.

DR. JOHNSON.

AFTER one of the first musicians had been playing a solo, and shown a great many tricks upon his instrument, and was receiving applause for his great execution, Lady L.—— observed of the performance to Dr. Johnson, how amazingly difficult it must be. "Madam," said the Doctor, "I wish it had been impossible."

A PARADOX.

THE rule of the road is a paradox quite, In driving and riding along, If you go to the left you are sure to be right, And if you go to the right you go wrong.

EPITAPH ON SIR JOHN VANBRUGH.

LIE heavy on him earth! for he Laid many heavy loads on thee.

LINES ON THE BULLET THAT GRAZED KING WILLIAM'S SHOULDER AT THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.

THERE was a little bullet, the messenger of death, Sent by King James to try to stop King William's breath; This bullet had a bailiff been, which made him much the bolder, And therefore in King James's name, he clapt him on the shoulder.

INSOLVENCY.

A PERSON inquiring what became of a friend? "Oh, dear," said one of the company, "poor fellow, he died insolvent, and was buried by the parish."—"Died insolvent!" cries another, "that's a lie, for he died in England, I am sure, I was at his burying."

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